

SORIN CERIN



Making the World

Philosophical poems

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

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To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

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Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from

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the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some

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daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppcase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bible desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Making the World

It was tired of so much Nothingness
even and the Endlessness,
it understood,
for the first and last time,
that it needs of, finite,
thus the Existence was born,
as the Unique Happening, Non- incidentally,
that is, the face of God,
which, once, existing,
he felt so alone,
that he wanted for him a Mirror in which to admire himself,
giving birth to the Happening, Non-incidentally,
namely, the Universe of Illusion of Life.

God wanted that His inner light,
to runs over the spaces that have received spirit, of
dedication from Self and time, of Knowledge for Self,
becoming Aware of His being, in order to make to exist the
thought of Creation from the mirror in which he wished for
him increasingly more.

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Then God understood,
that, the stars in vain shine romantically,
on the heaven of His thoughts,
if it is not love.

He summoned the spaces of the endlessness and the times
of eternity,
to counsel himself with them,
what it can mean to love.

They answered him, the Finite,
which, it lean on, the Infinite,
for to decide the Destiny,
suggesting to Him to seek his answer,
in his own mirror.

Could be the love the sky lit,
by the fire of the stars that are burning,
just for self?

He realized that even the sky,
he needs an earth of his,
no matter how insignificant it may be,
in the eyes of the Universe,
through which God saw Himself.

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And the thought of God,
saw the first flower,
given to Heaven from Him,
but in order for it to exist, she needed water,
and the water of clouds, and, the clouds, of rain,
and so the oceans, plains, and mountains appeared,
everything so that the God to be able to gives,
through love, on He Himself.

Then he realized that the self-love,
is a primitive narcissism,
far of what can be the love of the neighbor,
passing all his thoughts,
in a Word of Making,
on which he whispered him,
to the magic Mirror of the Happening, Non-incidentally,
creating the world of Illusions of Life,
with all her marvels and sufferings.

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2. The cathedral of soul

The stars of the saints tremble,
on the walls in ruins
of the cathedral of the Nothingness,
from the history sanctified with crimes,
tortures and other holy things,
from the Bible of the essence of man,
and of its condition.

Drops of sweat,
they wash the crashed ceiling,
of the God of love.

Cemeteries of pitch,
they burn the torments of making a new death,
the abandoned zodiac signs of the destinies,
they break down,
like a clew entangled by the fire of life,
what barely longer its smokes,
the forgiveness of sins,
in a season of the nobody.

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The Day of Faith wants
it to understand, the Night of Sin,
to be able to arise,
again equally subjected to the sunset,
what will come,
over, the garments,
sad, greasy and broken,
of the apostles,
of the thoughts and aspirations,
what, they wait silent and lonely,
as and their part of wall,
to collapses,
the same as the other remnants,
of the cathedral of my soul.

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3. Storm of happenings

The eaves, of, rocks,
they break into the shore of the candle,
of the smile of the happening,
of to be born us,
the chord of the violin of this world,
where all the sounds
possible of the your eyes,
can be lived beyond,
of any feeling,
where the waves of the hopes can reach,
whipped by the storm of desire,
of to see you again,
the forgotten paradise of the eternity of my soul,
bound by the barbed wire,
of the Time of happiness,
on which we have always sought it,
being so far beyond shores,
that we can barely find it again,
after the rocks of souls have become for us,
the sand of the hourglass in which we've been waiting for
us,
murdering us each other,
without to we ever finding us,
the happening of to exist,
one for the other.

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4. The surprise

Congratulations for all,
the broken wheels of the hourglass,
from the world with the God,
what he wants endless prayers,
and accidents of the happening,
of to we find us again after the long death,
from before the birth,
of the love of to exist,
our history of love and hate.

We bypass the oracles of feelings,
hoping, to we longer beg to the future,
a little pride to become people again,
even and barefoot in the face of destiny,
who whipped us the feelings,
in threshold, of bitter rain,
of the making of this world,
of cold-blooded reptile,
who never understood us,
the meaning of the salvation, by the sins,
through which exists always,
the cold blood of the forgetting by us,
those crushed by the venomous tusks of the Time,
of the Surprise,
what will no longer appear ever,
with, the Meeting.

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5. Eternity from us

Do not tell me why the stars redden,
shy in front of your eyes,
and nor if the eternity,
he recounted his memories,
of beyond the world,
looking at you in front the feelings,
for to ask yourself,
how many moments do you think,
that, would more pass into our souls,
along with the dawn of the kiss,
who have flooded us the life,
for to feed us,
with the rays of feelings,
forever,
by understanding the eternity of the Moment,
which has filled us the whole life,
of the retrieval with eternity from us,
those wanderers of so many promises,
of the God of Love,
who barely now understood us,
the Happening un-incidentally
of to meet us.

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6. The shore of the blood

And I will be alone with the desert,
tired by the eyes of the water of life,
what flowed me through your love,
looking at you in my own way,
world of the light of my heart,
whose pulsations
you never understood it,
at the shore of the blood,
who has united us for eternity,
in the glances of a moment,
drowned by the tears of our footsteps,
lost,
one by, another,
in the history of a great love.

The hair of the memory, cut,
by the will of a Destiny,
who has left his own power,
he still can say something about us,
we the ones, who have carried
the sky on the foreheads of lives,
so full of sweat,
one by, another,
that it rains us every moment of the hearts,
with moments from ourselves for eternity.

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The fight of hopes,
defeated, from the roads,
tangled with new promises, would have ended,
in the arms of death by ourselves,
if the rusty leaves,
of souls too full,
would not have died, in the arms,
of the memories too heavy,
of, what we would never have been,
without the miracle of this existence,
of to be able to weep us,
the luck of giving birth us,
one in the happening of the other.

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7. The True God

The cremated Gods,
by, the words of storms in us,
they stay quietly,
in the ashes of the hourglass
which still binds us,
by this world,
of the remorse bitten,
in their turn, by passions,
the wild orchids of the feeling,
they wither in the beds,
with the stolen beddings for eternity,
by the bodies,
who have dressed them, the love,
lost in the flames of hell,
by the Bibles that forgot,
by the true God,
what once united us, through love.

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8. Eyes, of, heaven

Tears of jade
of the dragon of souls,
they trickled over the walls
endless from us,
ready of to be devoured,
by the flames of the helplessness,
that burn our life,
how, they would have burned us the feelings,
on, the pyres of the waiting,
the buds of the happening of to find us again,
the eternity of the forgotten God,
from your gaze,
by, the Spring of the nature of the soul,
which has conceived your eyes, of, heaven,
of the infinite,
from the beats of clock without hours,
days, weeks and years,
of my heart,
for to understand that death,
can not be more,
than eternity,
of a smile of the fate,
of to love us the Moment.

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9. Betrayal

I caught in the hair of eternity,
your smile,
the golden carafe of the hope,
of to find my God again,
lost at the fate of the birth of Destiny.

Cover me the earth of body,
with the seed of the saints from you,
for to sanctify me with the churches of words,
what carry us the cross of the future,
from the bloody clouds,
of the metamorphoses of life,
killed by the broken veins of the death,
what should have guided us,
toward the river of eternity from us,
betraying us,
for all horizons,
ever born, by the mornings,
of the hearts that united us,
forever.

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10. The gift of birth

Why you sipped my ocean,
of the breath of my wings,
precisely when we arrived,
at the shore of your eyes,
of wave which was not ever hit,
by no shore of the vain hopes,
budded on the forehead of the truth,
of our meeting,
full of the wrinkles of the God, who has never understood
us,
aging through us,
mistaking his eternity,
those who, we weigh just a moment,
on the stand of the wilderness of the Absolute Truth,
of the angels,
what they do not want to recognize us,
as Love,
as God,
as the icon,
to which even the passions are praying,

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for to be no longer the demiurges of the smile,
forgotten ever by the saints,
of your eyes, of river, whirling,
in cascades of paradise,
what you drowned my future for eternity,
carried by the blood of Time,
towards the endlessness of days,
of the Destiny of a Death,
given by our own birth.

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11. The dusty road

I could ever kill the poetry of your steps,
hit by the hours of this world?
through which we pass us, even and the eternity of death,
of to be the holiest life,
of the dusty road,
by, the misunderstandings which the walls of the cathedrals
of love,
has them with the world from us,
those saved by the sins of being together,
through the asexual angels,
from the truth that divides us, for eternity,
the lepers of all holy bibles,
by the soul of a God,
which, he has never been discovered himself, through us,
oppressed by the wings of angels,
so heavy,
of the embrace what united us the sunrise,
that they have fallen, definitively,
in the flames of the forgetfulness of everything and all,
by me and by you,
rib broken from my blood,
from always dried,
by the dust, what it ought,
to give you the afterlife, through me.

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12. Dead line

Crack my to the end,
the jug of the dreams through which I saw you,
branch, of sky,
on the stem of my Destiny,
whipped by the saws of the clouds,
which have overshadowed us the memory,
raining us, as though,
we were the drought of the whole earth from us,
and thus we would have become again the free horses,
what, they were running, from before birth,
the death,
the supreme goal of life.

Bury to me, all the wrinkles of the happiness
between the channels of which, I hugged you,
always drowning me by the eternity of your soul,
at the crossroads of wings, what no longer have flown for
me,
the destroyed feelings by the lightning of love,
which has forsaken them in the train station, where the train
of the meeting,
no longer comes, never,
being pulled on the dead line of the cemetery from us.

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13. The God of Love

Shrivelling,
I fell asleep in your steps,
wounded by the frail flesh,
of the heaven that fell on my temples,
of the cold between the promises sometime whispered,
by the lovers who do not know what they want,
tears of emerald ,
of the frozen flakes,
of words,
thicken the snow of the stars of on the vault,
of the cold from the kisses that join us,
to a calendar with scorched pages,
by the original curse,
of the forgetfulness.

The stray dogs of the hopes,
they bite our wrinkled brows,
by the rivers, of, sweat, of the sacrality,
what they would have desired them oceans of truth,
where every drop of destiny,
to be a world of ours.

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Ink bodies enroll,
on the crumbled paper of our souls,
thrown to the trash
of the God of Love,
what united us,
for to be incinerated now,
at edge of road,
in which we thought,
more than ever.

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14. Divorce

The sea of fog sets them,
the goggle, to the master of the horizon,
bound with the chains of the despair,
by the shores of unborn words,
what they will die,
in the unborn womb,
of their mothers,
stabbed by the evening,
in a banal quarrel,
when it rained with the lightnings,
of the rocks of the opposition,
between the volcanoes from us,
what they have to erupt, their separation,
of train without wagons
and railroad station, aimless,
on the realm of nobody,
the stars stand to fall,
over, the dumbfounded,
sentimental storm,
who has demolished us,
the bridges of covenants,
of own history,

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in which we were the main characters,
and we are fighting with the eternal windmills,
of the Sodom and Gomorrah,
making love,
on the petrified promises,
by the altar of powerlessness,
to we remain so simple and pure,
in fact we have not been asked for more,
than to become again ourselves,
without to know that this,
it was more terrible,
than the whole paradise of happiness,
became inferno,
over the night of passions in us,
sad players on the storm of the boredom,
to the rusty roulette of a love,
which has no longer given a winner,
of so many Years bitter,
who have forgotten even and their blood,
heated sometime,

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in the incestuous arms of the past days,
a while ago than the weather,
of the denuded feelings,
of, all the clothes,
of the words in the wind, fashionable,
until the skin of Truth,
which we have rediscovered it,
old, sick and bent
and, after death,
I burned him in the flames,
of the crematorium of hopes,
with names of Forgetfulness,
divorcing by ourselves,
before all evil and good,
of a marriage.

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15. The frozen longing

And if,
it would die us the death of love,
would longer exist the happiness,
of to meet us,
two clouds,
whose rain of memories,
they would have forgotten her forever,
at the intersection of the street of the Vanity,
with the smell of passions,
elapsed from the dust of bodies of the death of dreams,
of the Creator,
of lives full of the chlorophyll of your smile,
what have you brought me the summer in the soul of my
winter,
so cold,
that, has frozen even and my Longing,
of my soul,
when he wanted to ask for, the water of the life,
from the shadoof of the fountain,

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what and he has rotted,
his own Destiny,
more thirsty than me,
in the day without tears,
of the sentimental twilight,
what he has forgotten his Death at home,
precisely in the Morning handbag.

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16. Clouds and Death

I would wash me of myself,
with your eyes of dawn,
wiped from the soul of the day,
what has no longer borrowed us,
not even a Moment,
which to forgive us the kisses,
full of the passion of sweat,
of the clouds from us,
what they hit us the peace of the Words,
beyond of the cemetery,
of the coldness of some senses,
in which we would have find ourselves again,
the Happiness,
those who we are married with the days of the years,
of the Death!

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17. Eternity of the blood

I was so,
much night,
what it awaits its day of happiness,
that all the handles
of the doors of my smile,
were closed,
lest to flee,
of under, the eyelids of thoughts,
my Love,
so full,
of the self of horizons of the soul,
so that I may die,
in the will of the own destiny,
of the leaves what they meet
the autumn of their consciousness,
of bitter taste and quince of memory,
through the steps of your heart,
of eternity,
of the blood from me.

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18. In the Word

Do not tell me anything about heaven,
until you will not cover your blood of love,
with the veil of the longing from the palms of the clouds,
what they have caught you forever,
they forgetting the rains of the words,
in the deserts of your eyes.

Gather me the truth, from me myself,
among the weeds of dry dreams,
by the kisses, that have nettled our stars,
what they fell from the breath of our love,
saving us from the death of the body,
for eternity,
in the Word.

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19. Falling star

Petals of memories,
they go over the dizzy horizon,
by the pirouettes of the blood
from the beatings of hearts,
horologes what have deafened even Time,
sky scarves cover us the glances,
so blinded,
that they forgot to see,
the only star of destiny,
what just fell frozen,
from the arms of the eternal God,
of the love.

The angels of remorse have fallen fatigued,
in the traces of footsteps of the words that burn us,
on the pyres of the existence of the future,
once marked by divinity,
for, to be meet us, at hour, of, past,
lost forever,
somewhere sometime,
in the nooks of Moment,
on which we will no longer find him, never,
on the street of the happiness since then.

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20. Meaning and ignorance

I worshiped the eternity of rivers that drain
from the hair of creator of dreams,
heavenly mantras help me to find me again,
in the hay of the consciousness of before the great pass,
toward the energy of happiness from beyond.

Flames of questions burn me,
with the cruel reality of the rains buds,
the waters of the senses,
what you have flashed me, the soul of my birth,
feeding me the continuity of mind
at the intersection of meaning and ignorance,
with the Illusion of Life.

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21. Exile

The earth of the flowers of the breath from your gaze,
has sprouted my eternity of a moment,
spring, of serene,
you found me the island of the shipwrecks of the thoughts,
where I hid myself,
exiling me from love,
believing in the waves of the nothingness,
more than
in all the promises of eternity,
what they did not last,
nor as the light,
of a single passing lie,
which it wanted to be so much truth,
that, even the horizon of the ocean of my hope,
was drowned itself,
in the sea of one word: Death.

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22. The balance of the clouds

The clouds devour their gray ink,
tattooing the soul of heaven,
with the deep rains from them,
what seems to never stop,
at the gates of passion,
of torrents of sweating,
which have killed us the night of the dreams,
forever,
at the dawn, of crystal,
of a light from the eyes of hope,
what seems to be more stranger than the sunset,
from the blood of the thorns of the savior,
from the bodies of the fountains from us,
dried some time ago than the weather,
of to be ever known us,
at the balance of the great tangled clew,
of the life.

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23. Beasts of prey, the Moments

Beyond a death,
we have recognized us,
each time, the birth,
beasts of prey,
the moments thrust their fangs,
in the flesh of the soul,
breaking us even the bones of thoughts,
emaciated by ourselves,
for to meet us, the eternity,
washed by the water of life,
for all the sins,
wrong by the God,
what created us imperfectly,
in a perfect world,
for to kill and to lie,
even the buds of the springtimes
from the bodies that desire their peace,
of to reproduce themselves,
in the silence of sin to be: Man.

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24. The truth of cemeteries

I scatter myself from the bundles
gathered by destiny,
of the broken life at the fair of sunset ,
on the stand of illusions,
whose hearts are the fences,
with names of, endless,
of unbeaten, of supremacy,
of the man in them,
factories rusted of words,
dilapidated, truths,
are selling for nothing,
through the pubs with star names,
what seems to never fall,
not having from where,
being fallen, of so much time,
among the remains of what's left,
from the being, to a refuge watch,
in its own self, squeezed by the vigor,
of the truth, unbaptized, never,

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by the religion of the crosses asleep
of the cemeteries of the unaltered feelings,
from the daily basket,
of the most hungry among us,
of to breathe through the Truth,
the Life that surrendered to the Death,
by birth.

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25. Church and lie

Bridges of eyelids,
are arched over the misunderstood,
from the dust of the holy soul,
the broad cloaks of the heaven cover us,
the lie of what we are,
a misunderstood of the God from us,
what he would think that we are,
the saved servants of the original sin,
whose truth is the lie,
and the Life is death, of self, of everything,
even of those who understand,
the meaning of the human condition,
where the only immortality is the Moment,
which can not be squeezed, not even by Time,
or rotten by the snow of the forgetfulness,
melting with the heat of her cold,
all the good and evil of this world.

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If only one man,
would ever know,
the Absolute Truth,
would be exterminated by society,
because no one could accept him,
they being made of the dust of lies,
and enlivened with the breath of fire of the sins,
Hell without which we could not live,
and, thus, the lie,
becomes our only relative truth,
and the society gets rid of the complexes,
of the murder, deceit, theft, enslavement,
what they become the elites of the morals of common
sense,
in the world of churches,
richer than all thieves together.

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26. The indecipherable regrets

Rags of remorse,
they lie at the sun of infamy,
on the thread of destiny so closely bound,
of death,
that, and the wings of the flocks of regrets,
seem to fly hard.

Eyes of waters of illusions,
they rush to drown out any bud,
of spring of the happiness,
what would have remained forgotten by the freedom,
of to be rust and debauchery,
under the sky tired by the clouds of the souls,
too heavy and careless,
what they seem to have forgotten forever,
the rains of feelings,
in the house of the blood horizons,
what have beaten in the hearts of heaven,
with walls from tears, ruined,
squeezed for to be given to the winds,

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from all the horizons of the words,
what, they seemed to understand us,
on the pillow of heaven of the passions,
pierced with the distance of the separations,
by the own self,
outmoded and burnt on the pyre,
of a salvation that,
will no longer come never,
even if outside,
the beneficial rain began,
miracle of the existence of life,
in which I no longer believed, of long ago,
from before being died,
on the stand of the moments,
naked like a virgin,
who washed her sins in the river of the Time,
at the forsaken market,
by the dead hopes, also,
in the cemetery from your letter,
in which they dig now,
the tireless gravediggers of the indifference,

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where was written sometime,
the address of my soul,
but, the irony of fate,
has made me unable to read it,
being fully watered,
by the cold drops of the the death of the forgetfulness,
remaining only the letters of the deleted memories,
elapsed one over the other,
like our destinies,
what they seem indecipherable,
even to the God.

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27. Square meter

A piece of destiny,
is born in the mud of existence,
for to make itself dirty,
with the pride of challenges,
of to defeat,
even his own self, winning,
not far from the cemeteries,
full of hopes,
which, they found only here,
the fulfillment,
being cheaper, the life,
but they do not know what they will be done,
when and the death will cost more than life,
on the famous square meter, of sufferings?

Death will learn to live,
we will find our eternity again,
in the afterlife,
here on the Earth from us, from each?

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Or we will receive educational lessons about,
how is it healthy to die,
what diet you must have at the gates of the cemeteries,
for to be sure,
that it will open, the tomb of eternal forgetfulness,
of this world,
and for you,
so that you never hear again,
how much it costs a square meter of sin,
of breathing,
of sadness or happiness,
of love or longing,
of will or illusion,
of desire to win,
or of to be defeated,
of, labor market ...
to change, however,
the inevitable death,
in the same square meter,

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in which we close on ourselves,
with the bars of the helplessness,
of to cross the frontier,
even with a square millimeter,
of terror,
of to no longer be us,
the square meter from the cemetery.

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28. God, Sin and Creation

We have sinned knowing us, the existence,
why, my God,
which, you have created the Word,
knowing too well that an Universe, becomes created,
once it's known?

What was the Word of God's creation?
did it have a question mark or not?
if yes,
then we can doubt the creator,
and if not,
we understand that freedom becomes,
the most odious prison of the soul,
strait-laced, by the dust of the stars,
from the blood of every one,
for which supernovas have died,
so that the gold to remain alongside iron, and other
elements,
in the smile of a child,
or in the old man's crutches,
who crosses trembling the street of his life,

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under the Sun that seems to be eternal,
but and he lives from today on tomorrow,
one more storm,
or a ray of sadness, happiness,
one more pain, of Sun with teeth,
tearing the heart of human nature,
who is desirous of heat,
and then who is God?

Let us understand Him better,
we should know,
the Word of his creation,
which could be any meaning.

What can be attributed to Everything,
besides the Divine Light of the soul?
Nothing.
Evrika, I cried,
The Word of creation was called: Nothing,
through him, God has discovered the existence.

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Then I realized,
that alongside of Nothing, had to be put Something,
and behold the whole world,
finished, and given
entirely to the nothingness that determines it,
through knowledge.

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29. The Store of Illusions

And I entered rusty,
by the Moment which has forgotten me,
in the Store of Illusions,
slamming the gates of the will behind me,
stands full of feelings,
of all varieties and colors,
they are aligned, silent and indifferent,
to my gaze through which I tried to understand them,
how are they able to sell themselves such,
true prostitutes,
on the stand of the debauchery, by me myself,
I stopped in front of one, of red colour,
it seemed to be love,
has smiled fake at me,
I continued my way,
the green one of there,
stands dispirited, as if would be ashamed of him that it is
sold,

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I find out that he has given me free, to my birth,
it was a feeling, of mother,
perhaps even more expensive than the red one, from before,
my nausea came,
how of, and he stands at the gate of the brothel,
with life name for sale?

I left disgusted,
I wanted to spill my,
even the only moments,
on which I still had them,
in the stomach of my destiny,
wondering on myself if and death would be for sale?

I shout how loud I can,
to guide me, someone, toward the stand of death,
a generous smile,
whispers to me at the ear of consciousness,
to I go further,
where namely, I ask,
wherever, your steps will lead you,

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only one way will remain after you,
and thus I am at the stand of death,
with the blackened feelings of those around,
asking about the feeling of death,
on which I wanted to buy it,
to I know his price, shape, color,
a voice answers me,
from behind the stand of the destiny,
that the death does not sell feelings,
but she buys from life,
and all that I saw before me,
it was only the blackened life,
from the past, orphan, of future, of the hour of death.

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30. Free horses

Lattice of feelings,
have handcuffed the horseshoes of miss,
of the paths of the free illusions,
in order not to leave traces in the dust of bodies,
shy, reeds, yellowed,
by, the autumn of the blood,
what it prepares its day of the gratitude, of sunset,
ending a chapter,
of the alienation, of self.

Flocks of words are heading silently,
toward the horizons of heaven from me,
too tired of the heavy vault of destiny,
enslaved to wear on his shoulders,
the entire existence of the space between,
the springs of the blood of my birth
and his shedding,
in the ocean of the eternal passage of death.

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31. Those without us

What would be done the cathedral of the Destiny,
without eternity?

She would lose her death,
the only meaning of its existence,
or would become the ruin of passions,
what bury us even the cemeteries of tears,
in the eyes of candles of hopes,
quenched by the souls who forgot to burn,
the life of their own God?

Without eternity we could not die,
we would not know nor how to harvest the fruit of a kiss,
being left at midnight,
the walls full of dampness from us,
which have separated us from the promises,
what, they defined us as immortals,
in the stained face
struck by the palms of God,
the good and forgiving,
from the stranger of our soul,

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indebted, sold,
to the Moment that shows us the bluish eyes,
the clenched fists of the destiny,
for to teach us to die,
more realistic of ourselves,
those without us.

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32. Paradise, Inferno and debauchery

Would live the Paradise without the Inferno,
in whose arms, could he die?

abandoned by all the airs of the Existence,
a frivolous prostitute at the corner of the street of feelings,
of the pain, or happiness,
sick by the worldly diseases,
of the greed and lies,
but having a purpose well defined,
in the peace of God,
with His divine Self,
of loving, of people,
so much so that,
even the cathedrals of their souls,
have become brothels of of bad reputation,
where the blessed art of the fornication is learned,
how to kneel before the mighty,
to you pray godly at the outstretched hand by Divinity,
or to feel the holy power, how it destroys your being,
condemned yet before your birth,
at the death regarded as the supreme feast of the
debauchery,
of what you call to be, the Destiny.

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33. God and Death

How many steps, God ought to pass,
from, His heaven,
down to the awareness that I have,
about the miracle painful of sweet of the world?

Should God stand in hell?
no, that one remains for us,
those who we are bound to death,
with by force,
a divine repulsion, what, you want,
that just it is not earthly,
who forgives from time to time,
only people are we?

But what do you do if God forgives you?
do people still understand you?

We were not ready for Knowledge,
and once with it,
for Death,
knowing,
we realized we were going to die,
not knowing death,
we had the illusion that we live eternal.

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But God knows Death?
He is prepared, knowing that she too dies,
once with the awareness of existence,
and the World of Beyond,
is not an existence in an endless time,

but an atemporal existence,
for which Death,
becomes something so stranger,
that it can not even be conceived as such,
than like a Thought of the eternity,
which, it wanted somewhere sometime,
to see how much the infinity can comprise,
is leaning thus on life,
on the flow of temporality,
which have bathed his, like some waves,
the immortal soul,
of the Boundless, Impenetrable.

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34. The Great Passing

Wings of fire,
they burn smoldering,
the heavens of freedom,
of the soul of Time,
which is burying today,
the bones of memory,
of the footsteps of broken granite,
of the eyes that float,
on the rivers of the Great Passing,
bound madly by the Sun's gaze,
what has disappeared for ever,
from the greatness, of serene,
of the day of a life,
on which we will never see again,
under the dome of the suffering circus,
what seems to have finished his last representation,
for a smile of the nobody.

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35. The menagerie, of crystal

Every life has its own circus,
where the clowns of the thoughts,
they sing chaotically, on the broken and out of tune strings,
of the violin of Time ,
to menagerie of animals of prey of happiness,
which jump, through the circles of fire,
from the souls of the drunkenness of feelings.

The wanderers vagabonds of dreams,
we live us the shining illusions,
of the falling stars from us,
at the gates locked by fulfillments rusty,
since when a clown of the matinee,
he hid his key,
in a corn hair wig,
on which he wore it at the sketch with the irony of life
losing it,
after a long time I found out,
that she was eaten,
by one of the pigs of aspirations,
of, which, we have hit us each,

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from the menagerie, of crystal,
of the circus of hunger, of love,
which has broken once and for all,
on the path of the wandering steps of the glances,
what, they were looking for, feverish,
at the small advertising of destinies,
a funeral place,
but at all the rubrics, you can find only,
commercial at the Circus of Life.

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36. The loneliness of death

The broken window,
from the hourglass of the shortcomings,
between the wild fountain of the thirst for happiness
and her shadoof,
rotted by the tears of the clouds of words,
lost in the drops of the rains of rocks,
which, they break in my heart.

Silent herds, of hopes,
they drown, shy, on the shores nameless,
of the grains of sand,
with which I meet each day,
however, less,
than the number of all the stars of remorse,
of the God,
from the Universe.

The sad haymaker of the peace with me myself,
cuts continuously the grass of heaven of Moment,
what's left more serene,
approaching me to death,
wounding me deeply,

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and the blood of the light of the soul springs to me,
in the path of steps full of sweat,
in which seems to be drowned, the same God,
of the fear, suffering, anxiety and disorientation,
what seems like he did not want us,
to we ever learn to die,
along with someone else,
than in our own loneliness,
through which we were born.

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37. Misunderstood

We are a limit of the hazard,
cultivated by knowledge,
a ray of Divine Light,
thrown playful,
over the snowfall, of longing,
of the blood of the memory,
what pulsates us in the veins of the feelings,
always threatened,
by, the infarction of the forgetfulness,
of the self, so stranger of he himself,
that, even the making of the world,
it would seem for him like a banality,
if there was not the Absolute Truth,
cold and careless,
from which we can not understand,
than, the Misunderstood, of the love.

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38. Wandering

Has someone counted,
all the rusty leaves,
of the eyes of hope,
from the autumns of the lives,
taken to the hospital of the alienation,
by the ashes of memories,
what, they remain sad and mute,
at the crematorium of feelings,
where the flame of death is burning ceaselessly,
illuminating the path of souls toward eternal peace,
of the Destiny,
with all ways,
on which would have ever wandered,
alive, being,
full of the fervor of the youthfulness,
not knowing that no matter how many would have
followed,
only the one of the wandering will be the only chance,

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what it will end its way,
dusty by dreams,
and stars,
more or less lucky,
with which he covered his chilled moments,
of too much cold,
in the sufferings and passions of a life,
now gone.

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39. Consumer society

The shores of passions complete the absurd,
whirlpools of the memory of Universe,
deviate upon the churches from the blood of words,
loved or hated alike,
by the society, of consumption,
of the violins of hearts that still beat,
with broken chords and, out of tune
by the lying and paltry struggles of life.

Fields of battle with ourselves,
full of the corpses of the Moments,
on which we did not understand them,
passing besides us,
like some strangers,
although they could become for us,
the eternities of our feelings,
through which we would never have died.

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Dried and rotten olive branches,
they burn on the pyres of the peace with ourselves,
melting us what's left,
from the sentimental truth,
on which nor even, we can no longer say him
because would laugh,
all the transgressions, murders, thefts,
which have become moral,
of the consumer society.

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40. Media

What waste of sky did God,
with us people,
which, we instead of looking toward the heights,
we dig in the mud of the earth,
the pornography and eroticism,
of a disoriented world,
what sails, in drift,
desperately seeking the savior lighthouse,
not knowing that this one,
no longer exists, of long ago,
being broken,
by the beaks of the ravens of dreams,
of the media,
for which the wandering,
is beauty and cynicism is virtue,
the demagoguery,
is a medal that should be worn,
at every feast of Debauchery,
that became emperor.

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41. The padlocks of the dreams

Fences of insurmountable news,
sentimental gates, closed forever,
seals of the glances that no longer have their purpose,
by the padlocks of the dreams,
what anyway,
they will no longer open to life ever
after death.

Crowns of tears,
they complete the decor of clouds from the hearts,
streams of memories,
they drain through the gutters of the forgetfulness,
filling the oceans of regrets,
with yet another detail of death of the Moment,
lost forever,
in the wilderness of the inferno,
who separated us from the God of certainty,
who he believed in love.

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42. The last meeting

The wings of white nights,
they break into the heavenly vault of loves,
the carnations of the boundlessness, lose their petals,
carried by the cold winds of the presentiments,
of the deep autumn, frostbitten,
in the sentimental winter of the steps without traces,
on the broken ice once and for all,
of death.

Wings of black days,
melt in the flames of the sun of love,
torches of pain,
the desperate shouts of help,
the smoke of the watches,
what, they will no longer know never,
the exact time of a meeting,
rises toward the glories of the nothingness,
from which we were born sometime,
being Aware of our happiness or suffering,
of the Word that conceived us,
from the thought of God.

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43. Logic and vanity

Faith, no matter how false it would be,
turns the wilderness in truth and the autumn into the spring,
of, which the life needs, to can blossom,
in the crucible of its own illusion.

The Logic, even when lying,
is heading for truth,
by polishing the floors of thought,
with the gems of the concepts,
which have a greater power,
than the material fortunes,
through the argument of meaning,
with names of awareness,
even though and this consists in the Illusion of Life,
what feeds in the end,
the vanity of the desert from us,
to which no matter how much water
of the life of some ideals, you would give it,
he will remain eternally burned,
by the flames of the boundlessness.

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44. Without life

We are steps of fog,
led for to be saved,
on, the horizon of eternal forgetfulness,
what, will no longer encompass us ever,
with his Time,
becoming again the nature of numbers without number,
of the boundlessness without the sky,
of the glances without eyes,
of the passion without subject,
and of the stars without the Universe.

How thirsty we were born by Destiny,
eager of to fulfill us,
once with him,
the great purpose,
of the life with the name of death,
without knowing what we do not know,
under the deceptive shine,
of the hidden passions,
or known,
of the death from us,
what demanded its right, to life.

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45. Necessity, life and death

The necessity is the road,
on which God,
left us to understand the essence of life,
the boundless hunger,
of to nourish us, the mud of the dust from us,
watered with the water of the consciousness of good and
evil,
for to be modeled in the jug that will succeed,
to defeat its own fountain of the Illusions of Life,
through Death, Truth and Destiny.

Cursed be the horizon,
of the eyes what they will not remember,
on the bed of the death of their Destiny,
of Absolute Truth of Love,
the only particle of absolute,
what is given to us for Knowledge,
but they will believe in the raw force
of money and hierarchical power,
deceptive vortices of the river of existence,
which flows unconditionally,
in the ocean of the nothingness of death.

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46. Snow from the body of the words

The swords of the meanings,
have mangled the body of the words,
lost on the way of a creation,
mistaken by the God.

Dry fountains of memories,
what have no longer seen the shadow,
of a jug of the feelings,
long ago than the Weather,
they crumbled heavy, in their own self.

Steps of the snow, melt
on the rocks of hearts of ice,
what, they can no longer burn,
the blood of the nobody at watch of miracle,
then when we become aware of our existence.

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**47. Absolute Truth, the happening, un-
incidentally**

How much Absolute Truth,
to have swallowed, the God,
at the lonely table of creation,
that, to us, has no longer remained us,
not even a particle,
for to feed us the starved souls,
by, the essence of the meaning of life,
which left us alongside a horizon,
which we can not encompass him,
without telling us where we come from,
and for what namely we are here,
lost in the endless chasm,
of the horn of abundance of sufferings,
bound with the lead of the original sin,
by the ankle of the consciousness,
in order not to flee too far from ourselves,
where we could discover,
the happening, un-incidentally,
of the Absolute Truth.

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48. Birth and knowledge

The fruits of the mist of lost glances,
fall on the dust of the wrinkles of the day,
for to wither, the tomb of memory,
with the rottenness of the future of the world,
from which, the Time promised me,
that it will make a special wine of the forgetfulness,
inviting me to taste it,
at the deserted stand of knowledge,
surrounded by the coffins of the questions,
what were waiting to be taken,
at the cemetery of Knowledge,
full of the tombs of the thoughts,
cheerful or sad,
regardless of color or weight,
they were lying deep in the ground of the blood,
from which we have incarnated, the birth,
for to become aware,
by ourselves.

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49. The essence of existence

Islands, of negations,
distances, of the will,
they float toward the truth of the phrases,
of a world of the uncertainties.

Fears, of the creation,
storms of dreams,
illusions of the life,
are inevitably carried,
toward the nothingness, from which they are made,
for to become again the Absolute Truth,
from the truth of the lie,
essence, of the existence.

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50. Immortality and knowledge

The horses of knowledge,
have hooves, gnawed,
of so many cliffs of the memory,
which they have broken,
at watch of Destiny,
humiliated by big and heavy saddles,
of the misunderstandings.

The Bridges of the Golden Dreams of Humankind,
have rotted, long ago,
that no one will ever reach,
to understand the meaning of immortality,
without death and without life.

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51. Search of self

I've been looking for the essence of beauty,
and I stopped,
to the golden waves of the wheat,
what they will bathe the breads of the hungry,
with nobility of the essence,
of to not be rusty, never,
the food of the awareness,
of the Word of Creation through, the thought,
of the rich meals of the ideas,
sails tied by the masts of the existence,
for to lead us the ships of the evolution,
toward the farthest horizons of Destiny,
in the roots of which,
we have incarnated our chance to be humans,
with a humanity so inhuman.

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52. Reconciliation with ourselves

Storms of splashes of the life,
they whipped us, the years of the solitude,
with the passionate smile of death,
of to be ourselves.

The peace tenfold from thoughts,
they can not wash,
a single face of the war,
led by the hordes of affirmations with, the negations,
which have always banished us,
when we finally thought,
that we have conquered the peak of reconciliation,
with ourselves.

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53. The fulfillment of life

The rebellious freckles of the ideas,
are leading us the lights of our feelings,
toward the laws of a Universe,
who began for, to learn to die,
wanting a sense,
at the gate of the cemeteries of words,
which, anyway, no longer have anything to say,
being past, long ago,
than their own time,
in the world of the non-words,
who teach us more by their silence,
than all the empty words together,
on the shore of an existence,
of ups and downs,
having as destination, the same cemetery,
with graceful funeral stones,
of the absurd from us,
on which we will no longer see them never,
those aligned with craftsmanship and scrupulousness,
for to be indebted to an original sin,
so stranger of, the steps,
which falsely lead us the life,
to nowhere,
thus fulfilling.

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54. Happiness and freedom

Happiness as well as freedom,
are two shortcomings
of the suffering and handcuffing of self,
through which, what has lost one,
is found in the opposite of the other.

To be free means to be corseted,
through the reporting to, the light,
of the seeking of self of the unhappiness,
to become again handcuffed,
of new and new debts of the unhappiness,
for to enjoy yourself more profoundly of freedom of
choice.

The unhappiness
can become a sweet suffering,
through the freedom to choose your torment,
through passion on what you do.

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55. An incomprehensible world

The branches of knowledge,
can never be cut,
by the subject's stems,
which must be known,
and thus they sprouted
the new worlds of Illusion of Life,
with their nuances,
of sentimental relief,
who ultimately takes revenge,
precisely on the subject that gave them life,
the verb of action being born,
hence the whole nonsense of the world,
which, it devours on itself,
trying to save,
a new birth whose substrate,
in the absence of the subject,
it will be the anguish and death.

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56. Death and truth

Does not exists Destiny without predestination,
nor the being without existence of being,
life without illusion and death without oblivion.

Through death
is transformed the current Illusion of Life,
receiving the vestments of the Universe,
in which the energy of the soul-thought, is teleported.

Nor a breathing, is not incidentally,
how not the truth, dies,
but its deformed template,
which is the Illusion of Life,
we will exist, in continuation,
in the infinity of Universes,
the true faces of God,
for which the birth does not mean than a stanza,
from an infinite poem of Creation.

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57. The Truth, Paltry

I do not think the death,
can kill more than the life,
nor that the thought,
would succeed to become a Christian,
or the happiness would be a divinity.

All I understand is death,
from and by ourselves,
with every moment,
in which we struggle with the existence,
of, the shores of birth and death,
which penetrate us with the happiness,
of to be the clowns of a world,
where the existence means,
the bluff of souls,
killed by the chance of the Truth, Paltry,
of the immortality.

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58. The gold wool

I would have become the sky of thoughts,
if the sheep of the separation,
would not have had, the gold wool,
of the everything that can make immortal,
the forgetfulness,
where we would have found us, again,
the Truth of what we are,
apart from the death of conscience,
what, has longer remained to the death of the Words,
which have kissed us,
more than all the Bibles of the Paradise,
together,
we the ones exhausted by the blood of non-words,
what we would have wanted them,
they to give birth to us,
at least once,
in the eyes of the shores of commas,
and of the waves of truths,
with points,

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broken from the paper sheet of the own lives,
on which, I cremated her,
at the death of our Time,
by writing on the tombstone,
how much we have sinned!

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59. At midnight

I'm the flame burned by fate,
soul forsaken by the candles of the longing,
remembrance from midnight,
island of original sin of the life,
novel of sadness and suspense,
of the crimes in my blood,
believe in the growth of magical arms,
of deaf horologe,
where I become a mystery,
what will never be revealed,
due to the beauty of Moment,
of, Sphinx forsaken at the table,
where God,
has made the world of the Illusions of Life,
after the image and likeness of Destiny,
who united us with the Time,
hitting us the divine thought,
of the apocalypse.

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60. I was

I was without the edge of death from me,
forsaken at the stand of life,
flames of sleep consume me,
with, the burnt wings by the Destiny,
long moments have bitten my,
from the eternity of the soul.

Dogs of prey of the hair of the voices,
cut from ourselves,
arranged after the latest fashion of the sacrifices,
for to become the life,
without pitch, of the sin,
of a bible where, neither the ocean,
he no longer finds the fate of the waves,
of, to become himself again,
before with a death,
from ourselves,
the dead ones by the longing to be,
the Day of a meeting of eternity,
between the horologes of the Day
and the darkness of the Night,
of the kisses of the blood from us.

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61. The food of salvation

Herds of moments are driven to grazing the lives,
on the gates of the cemeteries of hopes,
light of truth, try me,
to find out how much darkness has longer remained to the
being,
for to fumble, in a world of the misunderstood,
with the candle of the dreams, extinguished,
by the cold wind of the disappointment,
who haunts our blood,
in which we drowned our ancestors,
forgotten on the dusty roads of lost glances,
what seek the peace of the boundless walls,
of the abyss that separates us,
by the daily food,
of the salvation.

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62. The overwhelming faith

How much heaven, is in the wing of my days?

Clouds of crystal break the hours of the illusions ,
grinded at the mill of the hazard,
and throw on, the stairs of the horizons,
as food for the cynical lions of the dawns,
what they will come to tear us, the flesh of the thoughts,
screaming sinisterly,
after, the lives played,
at the table of the lost luck
by the God of the passions and intrigues,
remaining orphan by the love, that gave birth to Him,
in the hysterical womb of the churches,
gone to produce money on the belt of souls,
prostitutes by Moments,
are sold to anyone,
in the name of the love of people,
of seeds of the future,
the increasingly rich,
with the pharaonic walls that suffocate us,
to be able to we pray between them,
no matter how of collapsed and overwhelmed we are.

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63. What is life?

I swim toward paradise in the waters of inferno,
this is life,
shelter of pain intrigued by the poverty of Time,
clanking, of shattered fortunes,
through the pockets pierced by the storms of the years,
overwhelmingly
driven to plowing, creations,
through the dust of the dreamy reed of the thought,
moldy food of the inevitable death.

Life should be and something else,
apart from illusions and paradigms,
of, paradoxes and skinny cattle carried at cutting,
in the slaughterhouses of the alienation, by ourselves,
the many and wandering,
even and, of love,
what should be for us,
the roof of the diamonds palace of the fulfillment.

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64. Reality and lie

The Knowledge without awareness,
is nonexistence,
the dream macerated by the chances of the truth,
sinks into lies,
like the feelings without love,
and the destiny tried by luck,
to the table of the transgressions of the human nature.

The forsaken spaces of the happiness,
by the anguishes of reincarnations of the hatred,
who have found their shelter,
through lustful deserts,
of the churches of the promises,
in those everlasting and untouchable ever,
even and by the Illusion of Life,
which understands,
in the end: Reality.

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65. The meaning of life

What shall I do, Lord, to understand the meaning of life?
Go to the garbage can,
look inside and what you will find there,
it will be significant for to find out what you want.

I pulled the heavy lid that seemed to be of my glances,
a flattened and stained topper from other debris,
as if it were of a magician who pulled out of it,
the rabbits and white pigeons of smiles,
stood, thrown and forsaken,
as though it would never have existed.

Many black bags with the linked necks,
as if, they were afraid,
to discover the misery,
of the food scraps or other nothings,
dust and dirt,
from their souls,
of, plastics masses,
easy to model at the school of life,

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they waited obedient and subjected,
to be, taken and incinerated.

More I did not want to see,
I understood the meaning of life.

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66. The serene of stars

The tusks of the beasts of sky,
they rush upon the other clouds,
thirsting by the blood of the sunset,
from the veins of the rusty leaves,
snatched from the space of memory ,
which has forgotten his time,
denying him the charm of the past,
when he was a good valet,
he always served at fixed hour,
the antidote to boredom,
after which we brushed us the hair of the words,
for not to get tangled,
frightening the flocks of commas what floating quietly,
on the lips which were not made with lipstick, by, the time
of truth,
what has reunited the suave smiles with pleasantries,
true stalls with spiritual plants,
hidden by taxes too high,
of the chance to feed us,
with the eternity of the art of heaven,

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whose clouds have gone the same way as life,
after what those ferocious tusks,
they had turned into saints,
virgins, horses, ships,
to become simple, circles of wadding
placed on the wound of a separation,
have finally reached,
serene of stars and dreams of the night.

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67. God was asked

Ice of happiness,
the fire of sadness,
wings of fulfillment,
have worried the sky of the dust from my blood,
to be able to be understood by the heart,
weary to longer sighs, on the stage of the theater of the
world,
from the inside of the sanatorium, of crazy people,
of the Fate that understands the paranoia of society,
as well as us, on the good and merciful God,
who condemned us to each,
the birth at death,
the death not being the greatest evil,
just, are so many evils in the world,
much bigger,
that God be covered,
if he had been asked,
but who can do it,
and why he covered himself,
like a helpless man?

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68. Carnal consumption

Waves of ink,
they put down starved
the crimes, misunderstood,
of the lost horizons,
in the numbness of a star,
what has seen so many,
that nothing, no longer seems new,
in the Universe of the butterflies,
from the stomach of some women,
which, they wither their flowers,
with the bitterness of becoming again, caterpillars,
for rotten leaves of rich,
of the society of carnal consumption,
what they do not want to know,
that they all have their autumn,
no matter how much spring they would buy.

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69. The cost of hell

The herds of thoughts with original sins,
they haunted tirelessly sometime,
the meadows of the Universe,
to find out their holy place,
in the manger of a Savior,
what would have not had, no use,
in the absence of sin,
as well as the churches that fight skillfully,
to you understand as well as possible,
your fate of rabbit hunted by fate,
in front of the black wolves of heaven,
who does not shoot you,
although better they would do it,
but they lure you with the cross,
what it should wash you,
of everything and of all flames,
of a hell of the money off earth,
I am just asking,
how much does a job cost?

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70. The drama of the death

The cascades of the tears of the parting,
they predicted the feast of words.

The ships of the illusions,
they learned to die their death,
of the navigation in drifting, of the thoughts.

Foams of hopes,
they hit their sick waves of nerves,
on the gnawed rock,
of so many meanings of the death.

The jovial clowns greet the hysterical laughter,
of the stuntmen of the salvation.

The paltry freedoms, are prostituting,
on the streets of the sunrise of the suffering.

The dew of passions,
waits to be sacrificed,
to the sin, of, to exist.

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The pitchers of despondency,
would give anything to be broken.

The broken clocks of the diseases,
they want to guess us the time of life.

This is the world,
in which we live, the drama of the future death.

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71. Who am I?

I caught my nails of the hope,
by you, the Knowledge,
trying not to I collapse,
in the paltry abyss of the forgetfulness,
by me myself.

And I scratched the icon of the morals of the world,
trying to I die less,
than she would have wanted, the forgetfulness,
flowering dampness,
on the iconostasis,
of the question, from the Church of the Existence:
Who am I?

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72. Loneliness and death

Do you think, that hitting my death,
with the sword of vengeance,
will you succeed to break my life from sin?

All the shards of my cross,
will they become the flour of the bread that will feed you?

And neither the paths to the grave of dreams,
they will no longer be, helpful to you,
being migratory birds,
what they will not know you anyway,
the winter of your loneliness.

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73. Scrap iron

The ruby palms, slapped over the face of Destiny,
have become the crystals of the watches,
through which I wash my face,
of the wrinkles of my time,
who has exhausted me,
leaving me the calluses of the Destiny,
which were telling me, the exact time,
of the death by me myself.

The snowdrops have rebelled on their own springtime,
are sold, to the pimps of dreams,
at the corner of the street of the rust,
full of shops what buy scrap iron,
beaten by fate.

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74. Politics

The ravens of the breasts eat,
from the flesh of sexual desires,
misleading chasms,
they separate the good from evil,
by killing the essence of cleanliness,
of the body and the soul.

The despicable cranes,
raise in the glories of the heights,
the prostitution of politicians,
builders of nothings,
on the fashion site without clothes,
of the nudity of their own thinking.

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75. Fate

I distort the dreams of the night,
in the confused and purple dawn,
of the eyes of water, hit by the fate,
elapsed on the river of tears of the history,
what it never understood us,
the purpose of to be beings,
and not simple numbers,
pawns rotten,
on the chessboard of the society,
where the first move,
belonged to God,
however much we would like,
to hide this,
in the shadows of churches,
full of, the faith,
in the heaven whose hell,
no one knows him.

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76. The magic

The machiavellianism, illustrated,
of fair forgotten by the world,
has thickened the stain of color,
of the human condition,
reckless, to gather,
as much as possible,
for the stomach of death,
which will digest,
the rotten meat,
of the opportunism of life,
unforgiving and conceited.

We will make deep cemeteries,
from the worldly happiness,
which, they stood hidden,
in our unsaved genes,
orphans by, the Absolute Truth,
through which we would have seen life,
as being the deepest death,
without the veil of magician of Illusion of Life.

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77. The wings of the butterflies

Icons of heaven,
they break by the horizon of dreams,
the frisky realms,
of spring,
they tread the wings of the butterflies,
of memories,
in barefoot feet
and heavy, of the loves,
and crush them
with the nonchalance full of light,
of the future,
gifted with proletarian anger,
by the Great Creator,
of Illusions of Life,
of that,
let's be honest,
we need so much,
without them,
we will see death,
as a life without time,
and life as a death,
without the stars of the light,
divine, from us.

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78. The watches of the creation

Flocks of molten lead,
in the hot sun of passions,
have reddened the horizons of the senses,
of the free horses what have longer remained,
from the sand of the broken hourglass of our hearts,
hypocritical remorse,
they strengthen us the body of words too empty,
that the echo, deaf,
it sounds in them, the trumpet of death,
for to longer live,
really,
the holiness of truth,
which trickles at the soles of a Creator,
grieved and satiated,
by, the mistakes of His own Creation.

Watches of wings,
were crushed, on, the dials of the helplessness,
of to still show us, the exact time of the flight,
of the true freedom,

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a vestal tear of a cloud of thought,
on which we often no longer notice him,
being killed by the subconscious of the heaven of the will,
which, not once, has passed with the roller of fate,
over what we wanted most.

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79. Piety

Spartan paths are lost,
in the hank of the monasteries of words,
where is woven, the future
of the embroidered dreams,
with the saints of blurred feelings,
spaces of the mysteries,
mysterious prophecies,
about sin and divine justice,
they flood us the souls of the hopes,
drowning them in the sea of silence and piety,
to they be trampled,
as pavement stones,
by the one who walks on the waters of life,
for which we gave birth to death.

Wet beasts by the hot sweat of the sex,
they have blunted their fangs, soothed by pleasure,
in the harem, ordained by the priest,
of some sellers of Illusions of the Life,
sentimental drinks and other nothings,
for to best digest the sins,
committed by God,
then when he sold us through birth: at Death!

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80. The wounds of the Illusion of Life

The crests, of cocks,
what they catch the disheveled hair of the life
by the snoring of dreams,
they wake up the tired and sleepy light,
of the day, what, still sleeps in us,
guarded by the angel of Destiny,
vigorous defender,
of the rights of the sleep of truth,
what remained cold and careless,
in front of the Illusion of Life,
wrinkled by the sudden fall,
on the shards of window,
through which we see the world,
cut to the foot,
losing its balance,
just in front of the tavern of Existence,
for the delight of the drunk moments of laziness,
what they laugh spasmodically,

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by the bleeding wounds of the Illusion of Life,
always ready to give their end,
of the good and evil from the world,
the nothingness and the eternal peace of Nirvana,
which I have been looking for, so many lives,
only now I understand God,
what good did he do,
that he gave birth to us for to die.

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81. Past stolen

The bleached bones of feelings,
they shine in the nameless cemeteries of the forgetfulness.

The decomposed rivers of the meat,
they flow in the valley of unforgiving Time,
through the treacherous wrinkles of the unhappiness.

Crowns of granite,
placed on the foreheads of the memories's thorns,
which, they penetrate deeply,
the dry fountains of the present,
with the swords of the moments,
what, have stolen us for eternity,
the Past.

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82. The carnival of the life

The retouched storm at the small advertising,
in the morning coffee,
the winning dice,
what they must to be swallowed with the force,
on the island of the wilderness of a life,
which has not discovered, neither now,
her guardian angels,
fired for non-profitability reasons,
by the mill of the grinded luck,
by the loneliness worries,
of the clouds of reproaches,
what they have never known,
the meaning of existence,
what lies in the rain of affectivity,
of knowledge and will,
from the consciousness, of, cardboard,
moistened by the tears of sins,
transposed in the mask of the absurd,
on which we are obliged to wear it,
at the carnival of the life.

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83. Branches without roots

The dew buds of the hope,
they slip shyly on the grass of fate,
the wind withered by oblivion,
he dries the branches without roots,
of a meeting horizon,
what he never expects us anymore.

The wings of sky collapsed, dispirited,
in the clouds of feelings from the hearts,
earthquakes of steps of the fate,
they burn us with the cold of winters placed
on the lips of eternal silences,
what they no longer have, nothing to say,
to the blood that is boiling.

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84. The slaves of Illusion of Life

The prodigal dogs of nature,
they bite from the solid bodies of sins,
they build new churches of dreams,
in the sordid courtyards of the promises,
of to they become better and cleaner.

Stones of words thrown into Adultery,
by the pavement of souls trampled by vices
of the consciousness alienated by will,
for to become wronged by the truth,
slaves sold to the Illusion of the Life.

We are demonic border of the disappointment,
stellar dust to cleanse the cesspool of the spiritual desert,
which, no matter how many soul diamonds it would hide,
it will forever remain the property,
of what we should never be.

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85. Conjurers of souls

The prodigal kings of the promises,
gave birth to, the policies avaricious by realities.

Monuments of lying,
are raised full of grandeur,
in the dire poverty of spirituality.

Doctors, of empty words,
they treat with rapidity the diseases without cure,
of the society that consumes us,
as youngest as possible,
the ones who we have become a food, of political regime,
of some conjurers of souls.

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86. The madhouse of Existence

The furnaces, salvific, of services and crosses,
they take the gold dead of the hopes ,
from the bodies withered, of prayers,
of the perverse sexuality,
from under the cassocks of Truth,
stabbed as offerings,
for the great god of Illusion of Life.

The ridiculous taxes raise the dead of the Time,
from the tombs without the future or the past,
of the society that hosts us, the purpose,
of to be patients unwillingly,
from the madhouse of Existence.

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87. Without scruples

The illness of the bars from the glances and feelings,
has become a global pandemic.

The tigers of policies of the Illusions of Life,
have torn the flesh already rotted, of the palms,
which have applauded them,
at the open scene of the social jungle,
voting them the thirsty fangs by the blood,
of the stupidity, envy and demagoguery,
the pettiness, what still dirty us,
even the guarding angels,
who once what they entered again in Paradise,
they transform him, and on this one in Inferno,
through the pestilential stench off their wings,
with which we have wiped our helplessness,
telling lies and deceiving them bitterly
with our lack of scruples.

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88. Before birth

Windows, of, serene
have reddened the sunset of memory,
what burns on the pyre,
of the horizons without name, of the history,
flames of living,
they flood the souls,
in a mysterious and ghostly fire,
of the being unknown to the Truth,
what we have longer remained,
from the leaves of the Tree of Illusion of Life,
fallen to the roots of a Paradise, in which we hoped,
that we will never die us,
the Moment,
in which we will meet with God,
we not knowing that He too,
was in a deep autumn,
that, he sees us the gaze of the dust from us,
a rusty leaf and fallen for to die,
at the foot of Time,
who does not even know his roots,
scattered in the eternity through which we have passed,
from before we are born.

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89. Conscience

And I wrote,
on the sand of the shore of life: "Conscience"
for to be washed by the waves of the thoughts,
flooded by the Sky of Moments,
at edge, of, desire and knowledge,
with the will awakened from the depths of the fountains, of
ancestors,
through which each breath,
loses its roots in the history of so many experiences,
that, even the Time,
sits humiliated at edge, of horizon, of some dreams,
on which we try to catch them in the fists of the will,
without ever succeeding,
not we knowing, that and they belong to the future,
what will never become, past,
of those who want to breathe,
through our sap of bitter roots,
wandered in the dust of the passions of a Time,
on which neither us, we have not understood it,
really, never.

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90. The factory of cans

The weapons of Armageddon of the nature,
have desolated the beings,
killed by their own conservation instincts,
in a world of the corrupted cans,
whose rust,
it is gilded by the rigged dice,
of the murderous Words
where the merits are preserved,
through injustice, theft and debauchery,
at the school of the social unhappiness,
full of the diligent students of the Illusion of Life,
what, they seriously learn the apprenticeship,
of to become manufacturers of new cans,
of desolated languages of empty words,
of blackmails,
with the moldy smell of the adultery since when the world
is,
of bribery,
with the strong essence of cold and insensitive money,
other and other assortments,

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ready to last as long as an eternity,
they cry an advertisement of the lie of our own Existence,
polished with promises,
of the possessions and happinesses of all kinds,
sinister baits thrown loathingly and with disgust,
over the moments of our lives,
hoping they will be definitively captured,
eventually, by the death, of self,
of banks with attractive loans.

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91. The sieve of the forgetfulness

We were so branches,
without the roots of your glances,
that the paradises of the moments had become,
the burning pyres of the inferno from your absence.

I knew how much storm, can comprise,
the sky of the broken wings,
what they have no longer reached, never,
in the palms of your dreams.

I shipwrecked without a target,
trying to find my star again,
what, has enlightened my Destiny,
which met us, the purpose of to be, alongside,
of Immortality.

The crushed cliffs of the longings,
flowing in the hourglass of the Time,
what, it has no longer remembered of our sculpted steps,
in the stone of the Words,
which are sieved now,
through the sieve of the forgetfulness.

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92. The dawn of the drunkenness of Time

The vestals of the fog of the promises,
they lost their power,
on the night of the thoughts.

The gravediggers of the dreams,
they receive their wages of the mornings,
the coolness of the empty words,
is becoming more and more persistent.

The cocks, grumpy
of the awakenings from the drunkenness of Time,
are hit by the rays eager of dance,
on the cosmic music of the Sun,
risen on the wrinkled foreheads of the memory,
of the past years.

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93. On the paths of life

The dirty languages of the heavy watches,
they speak to the hours, wrongheaded,
lounging at the thoughts with an uncertain future,
of the past of the own destinies,
from the waiting room,
of the death.

Steps wet, of tears,
are competing on the platforms,
of the cemeteries without trains,
which to take you toward nowhere,
except death.

Tombs of hopes,
docile and obedient,
they wither at the edges of the paths of life,
in search of a single fulfillment,
being aware that it will be called: Death.

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